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C. M. VON WEBER.

[Concluded from page 342.]

April 12.

My dear Lina!

By the grace and assistance of God, I have again had, this evening, *so complete a success as never before*. The brilliancy and the touching effect of so complete a triumph cannot be described! *To God alone the glory!!* When I entered the orchestra, the whole crammed house rose, and I was received by an inconceivable hurrah and halloh; hats and handkerchiefs waving on all sides, so that it was hard to restore quietness. The overture *had to be repeated*. Each subsequent piece was two or three times interrupted by the greatest enthusiasm; *Braham's Air, Da Capo*. In the second act, *Fatime's Romanze* and the *Quartetto, Da Capo*. They wanted the finale also repeated, but it could not be done on account of the scenes; in the third act *Fatime's Ballad Da Capo*. At the end, I was tempestuously called for; *an honor which has, as yet, been conferred in England on no other composer*. The whole went very well, and every body was happy around me.

So much for this day, dear life, from thy much fatigued husband, but who could not have gone quietly to rest, without having commu-

nicated to *you* this new blessing of heaven. Good night, good night. Oh, that you could foretaste, this evening, this happy consummation.

April 13.

Good morning, my dear heart. I have slept sweetly, although I required some time to get into it. I was naturally too much excited, and this morning I am much tired, but well. After such a triumph, a certain beneficial conviction and satisfaction pervades the mind, that again a great step forward in the world has been achieved. The jealousy of the different theatres, the very excitable public, always accustomed to opposition and delighting in it, and the circumstances of the previous day, calculated to create a doubt of a good performance; all these things made the success doubly brilliant and precious. There was not the least opposition to the immense applause, all was pure enthusiasm. But let me tell you how my *evil star* claimed its due. After I had sent off to you my letter, No. 18, on the 11th; I had at twelve o'clock a rehearsal of the overture, and of those pieces, which had been rehearsed the least. I dined with the music-seller Hawes, and at seven o'clock was the general rehearsal already advertised. A brilliant and select public filled the boxes. The first act went off well, with but trifling mistakes. In the second act, when Rezia and Huon are to appear, after the tempest — *nobody* came; the theatre stood for some time empty. At last, Fawcett came out and announced that a piece of the scenery had fallen on Miss Paton's head, requesting that any surgeon who might be present would come forward upon the theatre, but that Miss Paton hoped, after having recovered a little, to continue to play. She did, however, *not* recover. After having waited for some time, we were obliged to continue the rehearsal without her, leaving out her grand air. Thus the piece went on well enough, and the applause and the hope of a *furor* for the next day, were general. Another rehearsal was fixed for Miss Paton, at 12 o'clock, yesterday. But she did *not* come, saying that she must *spare* her voice for the *evening*. We then rehearsed other things; I dined at four o'clock, at home with Smart, and at six o'clock drove to the theatre, certainly in a somewhat excited state of mind — but — *all went off most excellently*. The Paton sang gloriously, and the performance was so well connected, so full of fire and life, as, you know, my music is fortunate enough to produce in the performers. How often did I think of *you*. Good God, you would have fallen sick in your anxiety. But

is it not curious? with my evil star? but I calculate upon it from experience, and know that it will not fail.

April 17.

Now, I have but one more hard thing before me — my *concert*. Oh Lord, for such a thing I am no more constituted. I shall be assisted on all sides — and yet — well, it must be done this time, and then never again.

This is a day for suicides. Such a dark yellow mist, that we cannot do without light in the rooms. The sun is without beams, like a red spot in the mist. It is truly sombre. I should not like to live in such a climate. It is said, to be sure, that these beauties are peculiar to London, and that the weather looks very different in the country. The trees, which I see here, are all green, and London has a great many open squares with gardens; yet all this is no free air, for even in the clearest day, you cannot see to the end of a square without finding the horizon covered by foggy clouds. When I see this, an indescribable longing for Hosterwitz and the free, open sky seizes me. Patience, patience, one day after another is passing by — two months already gone.

I have made a very pleasant acquaintance in a son of the bookseller Goeschen, from Grimma, established here as merchant, and in a Dr. Kind, a nephew of our Kind. Very agreeable people. They want to have me made healthy by main force. Good God, I shall not feel perfectly well again in my whole life. Rest is my best physician, and to obtain it, shall be my only endeavor, and to that end, I have to pass also through these hard months.

April 24.

I am expected in Berlin next summer, to bring the Oberon out there myself. But no! nothing could persuade me to do it. Rest, rest, is now my only watchword, and will long remain so. I am so *sick of all this artist life*, that I do not know anything more desirable than to live for a year as a tailor, in total obscurity; to have my Sunday, a good stomach, and a serene, calm mind.

April 28.

To-morrow is the first performance of my so called rival's opera; Aladdin. I am very curious to hear it. Bishop is certainly a man of talent, but without any originality of invention. I wish him the best success; we all have room in the world.

God bless you, my dearly beloved. How often do I count days, hours, minutes to our meeting again. We have been separated be-

fore, and surely have always dearly beloved each other, but *this longing* now is indescribable.

April 30.

Yesterday was an interesting day; the first representation of my so called rival's opera, *Aladdin*. It was so crowded, that hardly any tickets could be got. But one of the proprietors offered me his box, and even made me a call. We all dined at home, and then drove to Drury Lane. I had hardly entered the box and been seen, when the whole house rose and received me with the greatest enthusiasm. This, in a different theatre, on this day, showed the love of the nation, and it affected and rejoiced me very much.

May 30.

Dear Lina! I have again to excuse my brevity and abruptness, but I have so much to do. Writing also comes hard to me, for my hands tremble very much. And *impatience* is already alive within me. You will not see many more letters from me, for, hear my cruel order: — *Do not send your reply to this letter to London, but directly to Frankfort, poste restante*. You are surprised? Yes, yes, *I do not go to Paris*. What should I do there? I can neither walk nor speak. I must banish business for years from my thoughts. Therefore the best thing is to go *straightways* home. From Calais by way of Brussels, Cologne, Coblenz, up the Rhine to Frankfort. What a delightful journey. Although I shall be obliged to travel slowly, and to rest now and then for half a day, we gain at least a fortnight, and I hope to embrace you by the last days of June.

If it pleases God, I shall leave here on the 12th of June. May God only grant me some better strength. Well, I hope the journey will much improve my health; only away, away from this climate! I embrace you most tenderly, my dear ones! For ever living but for you. Your father Charles!

This was his last letter but one to his wife. In his last, on the 2d of June, he confessed to be much exhausted. He wrote:

"Good God, let me only sit in the carriage! Well, God will give strength.

This letter will receive no answer, and therefore need be but short. That is commodious, is it not, not to have to reply! Furstenau has given up his concert, and we may therefore start even a few days earlier. Hurra!

God preserve you all in good health. Oh, that I were in your midst!"

Two days afterwards, Weber was no more.

FIDELIO.

[Translated from the German, for the Musical Magazine.]

It was toward the end of the year 1804, when Baron von Braun, the new proprietor of the imperial privileged theatre on the Vienna, offered to Beethoven, then in the full vigor of his youth, to write an opera for that theatre. The oratorio of "The Mount of Olives" excited the hope that the master also was capable of producing great works in dramatic music, as he had hitherto proved in instrumental music. He was offered a salary and a free lodging in the theatre. Joseph Sonnleithner undertook to write the text, and chose the French book "*L'Amour Conjugal*," which had already twice before been set to music — once by Gaveaux, and once in Italian, under the name of "Leonora," by Paer; both of which operas had been translated into German. Beethoven, however, did not fear his predecessors, and went zealously and joyously to work, completing the opera in the middle of 1805.

However, its representation met with many difficulties. Only the female parts were satisfactorily represented by Mademoiselles Milder and Muller; the male parts were very deficient. There were many faults in the arrangement of the text, which was not altered, however; — the terrors of war were at the same time approaching Vienna, and the public had, therefore, not the necessary calmness of mind to appreciate a new work of art. But, for this very reason, the managers of the theatre made very great exertions to attract the public; and "Fidelio" was intended to effect this. Under all these inauspicious circumstances, the opera was performed on the 20th of November. We regretted to find that the work was in anticipation of the times, and equally misunderstood, equally little conceived by friends and foes. It was only represented for three days in succession, and then laid by until the 29th of March, 1806. Several immaterial alterations — for instance, the division of the work into two acts, instead of three — could not change the unfavorable public opinion in regard to it. It was given once more, on the 10th of April, and then given up to slumber in the dust of the library of the theatre. Several simultaneous attempts on provincial theatres failed also.

Full eight years later, the inspectors of the imperial court opera, Saal, Vogl, and Weinmuller, had a benefit, and the choice of the opera, *without expense*, was left to them. The task was difficult enough. There were no new German compositions; the older ones

did not promise much profit. The last French operas had lost in intrinsic value and in favor with the public; and the actors had not the courage to enter, as *singers alone*, upon Italian compositions. In these embarrassments, they thought of "Fidelio," and requested Beethoven to give them the loan of it. Beethoven, with great liberality, consented, but made the condition to have many alterations made. He proposed to me to undertake this work. I had been favored, since some time, with his friendship, and my double office of opera-poet and stage-manager, made it my pleasant duty to comply with his wish. With Sonnleithner's permission, I first took up the dialogue, re-writing it almost altogether, making it short and decisive — a requisite always necessary in operas. It had always appeared to me to be a great mistake, that the scene of the second act was laid altogether in the dark prison, into which, at the end, very improperly, the minister, his suite and the people came, celebrating there, by torch-light, the delivery of Florestan. The difficulty that the stone bench, the grave, and other things, were all on the stage, was easily obviated, by having all these things drawn straightway down under the floor; for, in *that moment* when the scenery is disappearing by the sides and by being drawn up, these requisites may certainly be allowed to vanish downwards. (I would recommend the same thing on many other occasions; for it is certainly more appropriate than to have servants and disguised assistants of the theatre come in and carry them away.) Thus I made the closing scene, daylight, on a cheerful grassy plat in the castle yard. The guards first marched up; the minister followed, with a numerous suite; the state prisoners, led by Jaquino, kneeled down before Don Fernando, and the people pressed through the open gate, and thus the chorus sets in at the beginning of the new finale; which only at the words, "Punished be the miscreant," is joined to the former music. I had, besides, made the following alterations. The entire first act played in an open court-yard. The duetto, "Now, my love," etc., was made the introduction. Marcelline sang the first air alone, it being now the second number. Then the guards came in with a newly composed march. Leonora's air was provided with another introduction, and only the last part of it, "O you for whom all I bore," remained. The next scena, and a duetto in the first book, Beethoven tore out of his score, because the first was unnecessary, and the latter a concert piece. I was obliged to coincide with him, for we had to look to the effect of the whole. A little *terzetto* between Rocco, Marcelline, and Jaquino, met with the

same fate; it was without action, and had not interested the audience. A new dialogue was intended to give more probability to the following first finale. My friend very justly requested another turn in its conclusion. I proposed several things; at last we agreed to put together the return of the prisoners by Pizarro's command, and their sighs on going back into the prison.

The second act offered, in the very outset, a great difficulty. Beethoven wished to distinguish poor Florestan by an air; I could not help, however, to object, that a man in the state of starvation could not possibly sing an *aria di bravura*. We thought of several ways to comply with his wishes; at last, I hit, as B. thought, the nail on the head. I wrote words, describing the last flickering up of life before its being altogether extinct.

What I now am going to relate, is forever engraven upon my memory. Beethoven came to my house one evening, after seven o'clock. After we had spoken of several other things, he inquired how I had got along with that air? I had just finished the words, and gave them to him. He read them — walked, or rather, run the room up and down, murmured, hummed, as he usually did, instead of singing — and hastily opened the pianoforte. My wife had often asked him to play, but ever in vain; — this time, he put the text on the piano, and began most strange, wonderful fantasias, which, alas, there was no charm to fix and preserve. From them he appeared to conjure up the subject of the air. Hours passed, but Beethoven continued his fantasias. The supper, which he intended to take with us, was served, but — he continued on. At a late hour, he rose, embraced me, and, declining the supper, he hurried home. The next day, this beautiful number of the opera was finished.

All the rest of my alterations in the second act were confined to abbreviations, and to the versification. I think a careful examination of both printed texts will justify my alterations. The grand quartetto, "He shall die," etc., was interrupted by me by a short pause, in which Jaquino and other people announce the arrival of the minister, and make the execution of the murder *impossible*, by calling off Pizarro. After the next duetto, Rocco took Florestan and Leonore with him to the minister. The scene of his delivery, the second finale, I have already described.

When the book had been thus finished — towards the end of March — I sent it to Beethoven, and, a few days afterwards, he sent me the following note: —

"My dear T.

I have read your improvements with great pleasure. They determine me to rebuild the empty ruins of an old castle.

Your friend,

BEETHOVEN."

The beneficiaries pressed the conclusion of his emendations, being desirous of profiting by the favorable season. Beethoven, however, proceeded but slowly. When I pressed him, also, in a note, he answered in the same way :

"This whole matter of the opera is the most troublesome of the world. I am dissatisfied with the major part of the pieces — and — there is hardly any number in it, in which I did not feel obliged to *join to my present dissatisfaction some satisfaction*. But there is great difference between this case and that when you can give yourself up to free thought or enthusiasm."

In the middle of April, the rehearsals commenced, although several pieces were yet wanting. The representation was announced for the 23d of May. On the previous day, was the principal rehearsal ; but the promised new overture (in E major) was not yet written down by its creator. The orchestra was ordered for a rehearsal on the morning of the day of representation. Beethoven did not come. After our having waited a good while, I drove to his house to call for him ; but — he lay in bed, fast asleep, a goblet, with wine and biscuit in it, by his side, and the sheets of the overture scattered over the bed and floor. A light, burnt down to the stump, showed that he had worked till late in the night. The impossibility of finishing it for the night was evident ; his overture to "Prometheus" was taken, and when it was announced that, "on account of unforeseen obstacles, the new overture would be omitted for this time," everybody guessed at once the true cause.

The sequel, you know. The opera had been studied most excellently ; Beethoven himself directed ; his fire often made him neglect the time, but chapel-master Umlauff, standing behind his back, set everything to rights by his hand and glances. The applause was great and increasing at every new representation. The seventh one, on the 18th of July, was set apart for Beethoven's benefit, instead of his salary. He introduced into it two new pieces, one for Rocco, and a grand air for Leonora ; but, checking the prompt progress of the action, they were afterwards left out again. The receipts were very considerable.

By his desire, I offered our work to other opera directions. It was

ordered by several; others declined, "since they were already in possession of Paer's opera." Many others preferred to get the opera in a cheaper way, by treacherous copyists, who, as is still the fashion, stole text and music, and sold it at a few florins' profit. We gained little profit and thanks, by the opera's being translated into other languages and drawing much money. The composer gained hardly anything — but a rich wreath of laurel, and I, may be, a little leaf of it, and, at any rate, the warm intimacy of the immortal composer.

GIUDITTA PASTA.

Translated for the Musical World from the New Musical Gazette of July 6, 1841.

Several years ago, when the writer of these lines still very seriously studied the violin, he had no more ardent desire than that to hear *Paganini*. The wonderful Genuese had the sorry obstinacy to die too soon for my satisfying this desire. But with this favorite wish another had grown up, gaining the ascendancy afterwards, when I had given up the fiddle altogether. It was that, to hear the famous Italian opera in Paris, and above all, the Pasta, Malibran, Rubini, and the divine Lablache. Malibran did as Paganini, or rather he did as she had done, for she sung herself to death in England for a certain fee, at the musical festival in Manchester, before he killed himself in the same manner. Mr. De Beriot might possibly have saved her, the incomparable wife and artist; he heard her entreaties to be relieved from this murderous musical festival in Manchester, but he had a vein opened in the dying seraphim, Maria Felicitas, and then requested her to sing on, in order not to have the guineas contracted for cut short. Responding to it, the seraphim, resplendent in divine anger, once more fully unfolded her wings and sang, and then soared up to her home, and Mr. de Beriot saw and heard no more of her.

When the Malibran died, I lost all hopes of ever having an opportunity to hear the celebrated London and Paris Italian opera, nor have I heard it to this day; but some single members of it will now and then stray even to Berlin, and we can make their nearer acquaintance. Thus, some years ago, Malibran's sister, Pauline Garcia, (now Madame Viardot) an artist of probably no less genius; and

thus, now, Giuditta Pasta, renowned long ago, and whom I had altogether lost sight of, since she had left the stage, in order to water her flower-pots in her villa on the Como lake, and to rest on her laurels, as the saying is. It is a great pity, that this far-famed artist has been obliged to give up her voluntary retirement, chosen, no doubt, at the right moment; that she is forced, in the autumn of her life, once more to roam through the world, in order to earn a living. It is said that this necessity (she having lost her property) has induced her to try once more her powers and the brilliancy of her name, how far it would assist her to keep her old age free from cares.

We went, the 22d June, to the opera house, in great excitement and expectation. Madame Pasta shone from the bill in large black capitals. The overture of Rossini's *Semiramide* had been finished, the curtain rose, and a female chorus occupied the scene, constantly turning the eyes to the right, from which the queen of Babylon and of song was expected to enter. At last she came! We had imagined to see a high, imposing figure, like that of the late Mrs. Milder, and we saw a small, round figure, with a large round head, her face without paint, stepping forward to the proscenium. It was Signora Pasta. Her very first tones proved that she is an extraordinary singer, whose vocal powers had been, some ten years ago, at their height. This *sortita* gave her no opportunity to show her dramatic talent. From the \bar{g} to the \bar{b} her voice sounds soft and sweet, without, however, being capable of much force, for this voice is a very skilfully cultivated and treated head voice, which does not admit of any forte. Tones, however, like those which she produced from \bar{g} downward to \bar{c} , we do not remember ever to have heard. They have something dreadful, something incorporeal, they are the hollow grey ghosts of tones. However, the execution of this *sortita* was a triumph of art over frail matter, and the brilliant applause was just and well timed. The two following duettos, from *Semiramide*, in which Madame Pasta sang the part of the queen, gave her more opportunity of showing her histrionic powers, but she improved it very little, or she is not so great an actress as the reports from her most brilliant period would have us believe; she is, in this respect, decidedly surpassed by our German artists, Devrient, Loewe, and Schebest. The art of the actress does not so soon succumb to the destroying power of time as that of the singer; criticism, therefore, need, in this respect, not take any other considerations with Madame Pasta. From these two duettos, and from the last act of *Desdemona*, we could see

that Madame Pasta, not taking into consideration her lost voice, is, even now one of the greatest vocal artists; she has, however, in all probability, never been a singer of high dramatic genius, otherwise Malibran would not have so soon surpassed her and put her entirely into the shade. Malibran stood to Pasta in the relation in which Mozart stood to Haydn. The latter was already a true artist when the young eagle Amadeus rose, and straightway soared into the sun. When his immortal course had been run, the older master continued his into the new century, still creating immortal works. Here, however, the comparison stops, for the present efforts of Pasta remind us, alas! but too much of the mortality and instability of earthly things.

It is fortunate that the involuntarily, humoristic reports of our daily papers very soon gave another turn to our sad observations. One talks of the exalted, high and noble figure of the artist, and another takes pains seriously to prove that she has indeed a very good "school," giving, at the same time, *from private reasons*, some sly and vulgar insinuations against a German artist of acknowledged genius, happily so coarse and undisguised, that every one must see the intention to hurt her feelings, and to despise the scribber.

It is said Madame Pasta will give some performances in the Italian opera; for instance, Anna Bolena. We shall report of them anon.

H. T.

Berlin.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

There has been somewhat of a paucity in music, since the last report of our New York correspondent. Opera and concert have been pursued there with such avidity that finally they have run themselves nearly out of vogue. This is attributable, it seems, in some measure, to a kind of satiety of the musical entertainments set before the New York audiences, and partly to the absence of artists whom they had patronized, or of whose celebrity they had heard authorized pretensions. By the way it must not be concealed, that although music is decidedly a *fashionable* entertainment in the city of New York, yet the science is scarcely scanned very critically, and it is still to be doubted whether it is a taste or a fashion there. It is true that there has not been any lack of attendance on the part of audiences, when the artists appeared before

them with the *prestige* of a formal introduction, or of already ascertained pretensions; but without such advantage, musicians, whether vocal or instrumental, have found but cold encouragement there. An exception to this remark may be found in the person of *M. Nagel*, the violinist. That eminent artist was unknown in the musical societies of New York, and his first concert was but thinly attended. He was thought to be one of the multitude of those who, with talents a little above mediocrity, was making pretensions of the highest order, and who would disappoint in about the same degree as many had disappointed before him. His transcendent talents, however, bore down jealous feeling, and asserted the sway which was their right; his superiority spread abroad like the fire of the summer prairie, and he had no cause, after his first appearance, to complain of cold feeling or prejudice in New York. In like manner—though, we must admit, not in like degree—the principal tenor now there, Signor Antagnini, was in a great measure unknown there. He was announced to sing at a concert for Mrs. Sutton, and assuredly there was no sensation created for his débüt; but such were the fine qualities of his voice, and the exquisitely finished grace of his style, that he instantly won “golden opinions,” and became established as an artist of extraordinary merit.

Excepting the above, it does not appear that merit has won its way there with any extraordinary facility. Mr. Knoop, whom we have lately mentioned, is undoubtedly a violoncellist of uncommon talent, taste, skill, and large musical experience, but he has not made that progress in public opinion which, by our best accounts, he deserves. Mr. Knoop produces not only a powerful and true tone in his execution, but seems to be well aware of the peculiar properties and genius of the instrument he professes. He exhibits new qualities, he combines new and remarkable harmonies. He has evidently made the capabilities of the violoncello a most intense as well as successful study, and has given the most unqualified satisfaction to all who have been present at his concerts; yet have they scarcely made the impression which they ought. The truth is, that like German professors in general, he is too profound for the uninitiated, his beauties are “caviare to the general;” yet we take leave to say that, like Nagel’s, they stand above and aloof from the performances which are generally heard, and that both of these artists are eminently calculated to do important service to the art, of which, in several departments, they are distinguished ornaments.

The latest concert of Mr. Knoop, in our sister city, was given on Friday, the 12th inst., being a postponement from Monday, the 8th. This postponement was fatal to the gratification of the audience, in a considerable degree; for, apart from Mr. Knoop's performance, and the general attraction of the concert, it had been announced that *Mad'le Zahn Spohr*, a daughter of the great violinist and composer, *Spohr*, was to sing on the occasion. In the interim of the postponement, the lady took cold, and was not able to appear; the room was filled, and much disappointment ensued. Some misunderstanding has arisen on the subject, but we do not undertake to set the matter at rest.

The party, consisting of *Mad'le Borghese*, Signors *Antognini*, *Voisel*, and *Statuti*, still remain in New York, but whether they will proceed to Havana, as we understand was at first intended, or they will accept engagements for winter opera in New York, as report partly assigns to them, we do not yet definitely learn. As a body, they are assuredly a strong force, and, all other circumstances permitting, we could imagine their doing a very prudent thing to adopt the latter course. Whether New York be fashionably or tastefully musical, such vocalists as they, will be successful. Should they visit Boston, their talents will be candidly appreciated, and, in short, we cannot doubt that a winter's campaign, of this sort, would be encouraged to the full extent of its deserts.

The veteran, *Braham*, has been giving three Soirees Musicales, at the Astor House, and at the Stuyvesant Institute, and has been received with most rapturous applause. In these Soirees, he has been the presiding genius, — the sole attraction. He has given many of those airs for which he has long been celebrated, and, in fact, seems to have in a measure renovated his youth. There is no denying him the praise of a most splendid middle voice, although some of his upper notes are decayed; and, whilst we regret that which has been the besetting fault of his whole professional life, namely, the overloading of his text with tinsel, protracted, unconnected cadence, there is much left of that magnificent volume of tone, in which he was — *Braham*. It is much to be regretted, although it is too late to be amended, that the ornaments of the great vocalist are like the tawdry lace of a drum-major's coat; — showy, but without intrinsic value.

CONCERTS.

Since our last report we have had a number of very interesting concerts, and it was very pleasing to observe that, while they offered extraordinary artistic enjoyments, they were graced and appreciated by numerous audiences. To be sure, this appreciation extended more to what was surprising and unexpected, than to what was purely beautiful. The harmonies and pizzicatos on the violin; the high bursts of powerful tones and roulades of the voice; the hands shooting like rockets through the air and pouncing down upon the intended notes, or throwing out, intertwined in each other, a brilliant spray of small notes on the piano forte; all these things excited the greatest applause, and more unpretending beauties were often overlooked. But this is generally the case in mixed audiences; and if so in Europe, how much more so here, where we have far less opportunity of hearing exquisite performances; let us hope that the success of those eminent performers who have visited us now, may induce other really eminent artists to do the same thing. May the moments, that we hear their strains, pass by ever so rapidly, the strains themselves, if our *mind* hears them, continue to live in our mind, and the enjoyment of art, however transiently its exhibition flits by, is a lasting one. And, although we may suffer the artists to carry away from our shores bags of gold, yet we do not suffer by it, unless by our own fault, for they must leave a progress in art behind them as their work, and by-and-by raise a spirit for high art, creative and executive, in our own sons and daughters, and art stands surely next to religion among the means given to mankind for real happiness.

But to come to details of what has been offered to us. We have to speak of three most eminent performers: Mrs. Sutton, vocal, and Mr. Nagel and Miss Sloman, instrumental.

We do not hesitate to rank Mrs. Sutton among the best singers whom we have heard here, not so much on account of her preëminent natural talents, as on account of the most excellent cultivation which she has given her voice. The lower and middle range of her tones is exquisitely beautiful, while the highest notes are somewhat sharp and thin. Her style of singing is the richest Italian style, yet she does not overload with ornaments; and they are always in good taste and succeed in execution. Her intonation is of a bold and spotless

purity ; and her crescendo and decrescendo, her swelling of the voice in its evenness, in preserving the purity of the tone all the time (a most rare beauty) is perfect. For a proof of the beauty of her ornamented singing we would refer to the Air, "*Una voce poco fa*," as she sung it, and for her wise and chaste restriction in ornamenting we would refer to the andante, in Mercadante's Scena, which we altogether consider as her most masterly performance, and a rare gem of beauty. We cannot help noticing and recommending her way of opening the mouth ; the most difficult passages do not distort it, but it is kept evenly and calmly opened, the voice passing always out even and flowing.

Mr. Nagel is decidedly by far the best violin player that has visited us. The beauty, grace, and ease of his bowing cannot be surpassed. It is most beautiful to behold, while at the same time it gives to his tone great variety and finish. And these we would designate as his greatest beauties — the perfect purity, the roundness and evenness of his notes, the delicacy of his expression, and beyond all, as just mentioned, his bowing. The greatest leaps from the lower notes up to the highest are with promptness and boldness undertaken ; and wherever his finger touches, the tone is yielded in most sonorous purity ; this certainty and accuracy, and not the beauty of his instrument *alone*, makes his harmonies ring like the purest crystals. Then his passages over the extent of the instrument, his figures are like pearls strung together, so round and even ; this and the delicacy of his expression we admired particularly in the variations on Swedish Airs, played by him — a vere good composition — in which that in eighths and that in triplets were gems in this respect ; while the boldness of his touch and bowing shone particularly in his own Concerto and that of Kalliwoda. Mr. Nagel's tone on the violin is more delicate than grand or full, and in the simple, unadorned adagio therefore, he does not produce his best effects, nay, even leaves somewhat cold ; and this defect being easier found out, than the delicate beauties, with which his performances are studded, he is often not appreciated to his full merits as performer. We have heard it even said, that he had studied only the few pieces which he played here, and had played them since the last ten or fifteen years and none other. Now this, firstly, cannot be founded on fact, for so perfect bowing cannot be acquired by the mere study of a few solos — but only by systematic study of the instrument ; and, secondly, even if it were true, it is but a slight reproach, for the study of solo pieces,

such as he played, and so as to enable him to play them in the way in which he did it, must of necessity give him a great power over the instrument also for other compositions.

The third eminent artist, whom we have to mention at this time, is Miss Sloman. Hers also is an extraordinary appearance—a young girl, competing with the best pianoforte players, whom we have ever heard here; venturing in public on Thalberg's and other compositions, which Rakeman and Kossowsky have played before her, and doing so without making a failure of it. We notice in her playing three things, which have particularly struck us; her great physical power—she played in one evening five or six pieces; each requiring great physical strength, and she played them all vigorously and energetically; her beautiful chromatic runs—and her exquisite trills; both being very even, and the latter especially so, when the little finger plays a different melody, while the others are occupied with the shake. We have marked her performance as an extraordinary one; and so it most certainly is, yet we cannot deny, that the motion of her arms and fingers sometimes exceeds the limits of grace, and that in her passages notes are often slipped or brought out indistinctly, which only her great dexterity and presence of mind make less conspicuous. Great elasticity is another trait in her playing, particularly observable in the beautifully light and springing manner in which she performed the Finale of Herz's variations; yet, on the whole, in refinement and finish of her playing she does not equal Rakeman, nor in fire Kossowsky. But she is yet very young, and if she would, for some years more, put herself under the instruction of some of the first European masters, we have no doubt that she will shine among the first female pianoforte players in Europe, at a time when there are several ladies who have successfully entered the lists, contending with the greatest artists for the palm of art; we instance Lerpoldine Blahetka, and, still more, Clara Wieck.

We shall not speak this time of those who have assisted at the concerts, since we shall probably have, in the course of the winter, opportunity to speak more fully about them.